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LULU SPEARS DEARING.

LOST CHORDS



BY

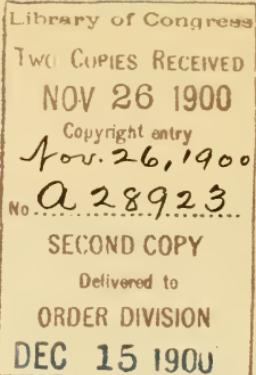
LULU SPEARS DEARING
"

*Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish all thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time.
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from the heart
Like rain from the clouds in summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.*

—LONGFELLOW.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
CHILlicothe, Mo.
1900

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By LULU SPEARS DEARING.

PRESS OF
E. W. STEPHENS,
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S. V. A.
SPEARS

Dedication.

To my Father—

JOHN MILTON SPEARS,

Whose sacrifice and devotion to his family, his love of truth and duty has ever
been an incentive to me to do something to prove myself worthy
of the debt of love I owe him; this little
volume is most affectionately
dedicated.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The River	7
If.....	19
The Old Broken Gatepost	24
To a Rosebud	26
Mother's Letter..	28
Childhood Days	30
March	31
Someday	33
Heart Pangs	36
The Signboard	38
June Memories	40
Mamma's Story	42
Gossiping	44
Farewell, Old Year	46
True Friendship	49
Smiles—A Valentine	50
Kentucky Policy	51
In Memoriam	52
To a Friend	54
Take Me Back	56
A Prayer	57
A Mystery	58
Good-bye	60
That Editor	61
Life is Sweet	63
May-Day	65
A Parting	68
A Tribute	71
Song—The Wanderer	72
Monuments	74
Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters	76
New Year's Greeting	78
The Yellow Violet	80
Jack at Meeting	82
The Silent City	84
Society Turmoil	86

	PAGE
'Scuse Me Lady, Please	88
Longings	90
God Bless the Poor	91
Little Things	93
Dixie	95
Footprints of Time	96
Retired	99
A Plea to Women	103
The Betrayer	106
Five Minute's Talk	111
Twilight Musings	117
Extracts	129
A Picture From Life	129
Popping the Question	136
The Cedars	140
The Two Playmates	144

PREFACE.

It has for a number of years, been my intention to gather together these Lost Chords, and bind into a whole, but I could not.

Then during the years of 1897 and 1898 our household goods were stored at Greentop, Mo., and one box, containing many things of great personal value to me, was stolen. In this box were all my MSS., containing essays, orations, and poems. No one save those who have suffered a similar loss, can know what this was to me. Search was made, and while the box was never recovered, yet from the knowledge gleaned, I felt assured of where and how it met its fate.

Then it seemed my ambition would never be realized. My papers were gone beyond recall. In my dreams, with tears and anguish I sought them, but always—save once—they were where I could not find them. Just once I thought remorse had seized the thief and they had been restored by mail.

I hope for them no more.

The first two poems were rewritten from memory. The second writing proved much harder than the first, yet I believe they are true copies of the original. *Twilight Musings* I have been unable to reproduce, except the introductory and close, with perhaps a few sketches here and there. I remembered the outline, but that seemed to be about all. Some of the "last edition" is better than the first, while other parts, to me, will never be as satisfactory as the original.

My aim has ever been to better humanity, and if this little book but makes one soul better and brightens the lives of its readers, my efforts will not have been in vain. A higher standard of virtue, morals, and life is the crying need of the world to-day. May this help to fill that vacuum, and strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the people.

The sadder strains are but the fountain jet of an anguished heart, while those in lighter vein are the creations of happier hours. While one soothes the wound, may the other chase away every cloud, and let the bounteous sunshine of God's happiness reign supreme in the heart, is the sincere wish of—

THE AUTHOR.



LOST CHORDS.

* THE RIVER.

I.

It seems a long way to the river,
The river that flows so deep;
Flowing on to the sea forever,
With a music low and sweet.

II.

On its shady banks the violets grow,
And shed sweet perfume on the air;
The willow trees sway to and fro,
And birds find shelter in branches there.

III.

Joyous children play on its banks,
Throwing the pebbles into its tide;
Their voices so happy and sweet,
Reverberate through the lone hillside.

Delivered in Avalon College Chapel, November 12, 1899.

IV.

And oft in the quiet evening,
There wander along its pebbly shore,
Lovers who think such dreaming
Will be their's now and forever more.

V.

How vain and foolish the fancies
That are roused by its quiet run;
For these fancies all must vanish,
Like the dew before the sun.

VI.

This life is not in dreaming,
These dreams all fade away;
But patient, earnest toiling,
Brings joy without decay.

VII.

Pleasures are fleeting; 'tho so dear
To the heart while they last;
Joys that to us seem the brightest,
Are those forever past.

VIII.

I know of a natural recess,
On this shady, mossy shore,
Where the ferns grow in profusion,
And violets carpet the floor.

IX.

'Tis a favorite nook; and the lovers
 Of nature, oft gather there,
To commune one with another,
 And banish all thoughts of care.

X.

They delve into the heart of nature,
 And reveal her hidden lore,
The many glorious beauties,
 Unknown to faulty man before.

XI.

The key to the door of science,
 They secure within their grasp,
And write on geology's pages,
 Facts unknown to the past.

XII.

The golden orb of the morning,
 The meridian long since crossed;
And now in the gorgeous splendor,
 Of the western sky seems lost.

XIII.

But ere it sinks from our vision,
 It reflects on tree tops old,
Its many and brilliant colors
 That sparkle like burnished gold.

XIV.

It in turn reflects on the water,
Its dazzling, lovely light,
Till when gazing long upon it,
It seems to obscure our sight.

XV.

For as if the god of Nature,
With his shining angel bands,
Had sprinkled upon the water,
From out their loving hands,

XVI.

Glittering, countless diamonds,
The waters do sparkle so,
And the many brilliant colors,
Like the shadows come and go.

XVII.

On the banks of this lovely stream,
Stands a palace, in ruins now,
And those who once held carnival,
Lie in silent sleeping now.

XVIII.

For the wealthy must be laid away,
And return to mother dust—
Death comes to every one alike,
And is welcomed by the just.

XIX.

This palace o'ergrown with ivy,
With its old moss-covered walls,
Brings with it a feeling of sadness,
When the legend we recall.

XX.

'Twere best to bury this legend
With the palace mold'ring to dust,
Its secret hidden with it,
Be forgotten as all legends must.

XXI.

For why mourn o'er past sorrows,
Together let them fade away,
Just as we this still calm eve,
Note the slowly departing day.

XXII.

Life is too precious for mourning,
Too brief to be shortened by care;
Our duty lies in helping others,
Thus lessening the load we bear.

XXIII.

But when I look up the river,
A far different dwelling I see,
'Tis a lone fisherman's hut,
From earthly riches and splendor free!

XXIV.

Yea, deprived of many comforts,
That help to make life rich and sweet,
That will beautify the home,
And make it more nearly complete,

XXV.

He lived in want and hunger,
His neighbor—in luxury !
Sad instance of charity,
As also of Christianity.

XXVI.

God's children—so divided,
The yawning gulf so wide between;
I wonder will it be so great,
In that far off land by us unseen ?

XXVII.

And far, far down the river,
A bridge is builded this stream across,
A bridge with large stone pillars
That time has covered with clinging moss.

XXVIII.

In its rafters, bending over,
As pressed by the mighty hand of time,
The swallows seek a dwelling,
In this lonely deserted clime.

XXIX.

This bridge to me so enchanted,
So dear from the memories it holds
And the thoughts by it implanted,
Seem better and richer than gold;

XXX.

When I think how many thousand,
For true remission of sin,
By the acknowledgment of Christ,
And their desire to walk with Him,

XXXI.

Have by these pure crystal waters,
Had their sins all washed away,
And with Christ, their guide and leader,
Tread the straight and narrow way.

XXXII.

And through fancy's halls I wander,
To the Jordan's blessed shore,
Where the Lord our Christ and Savior,
Asked of John, who went before;

XXXIII.

To be baptized by him with water,
That all righteousness he fulfill;
John 'tho humble and inferior,
Yet obeyed his Master's will.

XXXIV.

As they came from out the water
The heavens were opened unto them,
And the spirit of God descended
Like a dove, and sat on him;

XXXV.

And in words of sweetest music,
Like some low-toned vesper hymn,
Came the voice of God the Father:
“My beloved son; Hear ye Him.”

XXXVI.

As I stand on this ancient bridge,
And gaze into the silent depths below,
I ponder on this brief life,
Of the suffering—the human woe.

XXXVII.

I compare the voyage made,
As we sail down the stream of life,
To a row on these tranquil waters,
So free from turmoil and strife.

XXXVIII.

As we make the former voyage,
The tide now high, now low,
Until weary and exhausted,
Our boat we scarce can row.

XXXIX.

For the waves of superstition,
Hypocrisy, sorrow, care,
So oft surge high about us,
With their grim and ghastly stare,

XL.

That oftentimes we fain would yield,
Into their relentless clasp,
But pride and ambition aid us,
Even to the very last.

XLI.

The dark waves of discouragement,
Of jealousy, hate and fear,
Threaten to envelop our boat,
They come so frightfully near;

XLII.

But, in time from these we're rescued,
And our bark glides smoothly on,
When in the quicksands of ignorance,
We're dashed, and think we are gone.

XLIII.

The calamity so sudden,
Has fallen with such might,
So suddenly is extinguished
Bright hope, our beacon light,

XLIV.

That all courage and heart fail us,
Despair our only dower,
And many sad, dark, cheerless thoughts,
Are ours in the perilous hour.

XLV.

But knowledge sees our misfortune,
Sends brave captain and crew;
Again we are safely rescued
And at last pull safely through.

XLVI.

Thus, thus, my friends is the voyage,
That's made on life's varied stream;
Before made it seems to be easy,
But things are not as they seem;

XLVII.

For the surface that looks so tranquil,
Hides much that's dark with its sheet;
The truth of that saying's been tested,
The saying: Still waters run deep.

XLVIII.

But as we sail down this river,
So quiet, peaceful and calm,
Fanned by the evening zephyrs,
That bear such a healing balm,

XLIX.

The cares of the day are forgotten,
The present so joyous and bright,
So fleeting, tis suddenly ended—
God draws the curtain of night.

L.

This river flows between flowry banks,
And mountains with high rocky peaks,
Where the soaring eagle builds its nest,
So high that no one can reach;

LI.

It flows amid lands of beauty rare,
And of bleak and barren waste,
Where fortune and bliss ne'er had a home,
And happiness ne'er a taste.

LII.

It bears along on its bosom,
A multitude of sorrows.
From the many who visit its banks,
Longing for the to-morrows.

LIII.

But alas! these longed-for to-morrows,
To the many never come;
They are always here, though unheeded,
The tide flows heedlessly on.

LIV.

Nor can this grand marvelous beauty,
For one moment stay its course;
The barriers before it seem naught,
To its strong relentless force.

LV.

We confide our griefs to its bosom,
In sorrowful bitter tone,
It wafts them away to the ocean,
They repose on the light sea foam.

LVI.

So the tide of life bears us ever on,
Whether we will or no;
We can not impede its onward course
Nor abate its rapid flow.

LVII.

We grasp at flowers along the way,
But our hands are empty still;
We get so little we desire,
The tide will not obey our will.

LVIII.

We seek and look and grasp in vain,
All down the stream of life;
The waves beat back but cold rebuke,
Ours seems a bitter strife.

LIX.

The waves of eternity's ocean,
Break on our astonished ears,
Its waves roll fierce and high about us,
Death ends all our doubts and fears.

LX.

We set sail on this boundless ocean,
To the city of peace and light,
Where all our griefs and cares are over,
And never comes the dark night.

IF.

If we were only better,
And closer to our God;
Could we but break the fetter
As it were an iron rod,
That binds our hearts to earth,
And so fast to worldly things,
We'd be pure as at birth,
Fitted for heaven, and heavenly things.

Were our hearts full of God's love,
With less of worldly strife;
God would view us from above,
And bless us throughout life.
Enemies would not exist,
But all would true friends be,
And God would reign supreme
From now until eternity.

When strife and troubles do arise,
And duty struggles with our will,
If we could only be like Christ,
And calm our souls with: "Peace be still!"
We would not suffer as we do,
From tempests that o'erwhelm the soul,
But in safety would glide our bark,
And in landing—reach the goal.

Were life not such a thorny path,
With less of strife and trouble,
If there were fewer downs than ups,
Our burdens would not seem so double;
If we look 'neath the surface
To see what of love lies hidden,
Cares would not o'erwhelm the soul,
Nor even sorrows come unbidden.

If we want to honor God,
Or the praise of men obtain,
We must be true in heart,
And from evil things abstain.

Noble acts have their reward
If not on earth, they do in heaven;
For such were they meant to be
When the soul to man was given.

If we knew our length of life
I wonder how it would be passed;
If in joy and idle pleasure,
Or one of duty to the last:
Would it be an honor to ourselves,
An honor to our fellowmen,
Or would it be a disgrace to both,
And the ruler of human ken?

If we knew one-half that's written
In that recording book above,
Would not all our acts be different,
Backed by pure and honest love?
Would we practice such deception
As we all do—every day?
No, I say, we would not do it;
We would slink in shame away.

If religion be a fraud,
And if there is no Christ,
For what aim have we to live,
And bear such burdens, whilst
We journey on this earth,
That's filled with shame and sin,
When we read in holy writ:
“I've op'ed the door; come, enter in.”

If this body's but the temple,
The home in which the spirit dwells,
How shallow is the argument,
Put forth by the Infidels,
That when this body perishes,
Is consigned to mother dust,
Spirit, body—all is ended—
Earth to earth, and dust to dust.

If all men are to be saved,
And we are punished here,
Why are we taught to honor God,
And his holy name revere,
Why not delve in depths of vice
And enjoy life while we live,
When God in his infinite love,
Pardon to all, will truly give.

This are we taught through Christ:

 Repent, be baptized, and live;
But if ye obey me not,
 Eternal life ye shall not have.
On these conditions we are saved
 If we live a godly life,
We'll attain that resting place,
 Where ends all cruel strife.

If this world's but a wilderness,
 Of trials, cares, sin and woe,
Why cling with that deathly grasp
 When we are called to go
To those mansions built above,
 Of which we've oft been told,
The walls are all of jasper,
 And the streets are paved with gold !

If we would hope to obtain a home
 In that house not made with hands,
We must work with a ready will,
 And obey the Lord's commands.
Lay not up treasures here on earth,
 Where they are sought with miser's zeal.
But lay up treasures rich in heaven,
 Where thieves do not break through and steal.

When the evening of life draws nigh,
And our race is nearly run,
If the good outweigh the bad,
And we be greeted with: "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant,
Share the blessings of thy Lord,"
Then can we say in truth and love,
I obeyed and kept his word.

"When the golden sun is setting,"
Has kissed the earth at close of day,
Is decking the arched canopy
In some clime far, far away—
If we could always feel as holy,
And from malice just as free,
As when gazing on this picture,
What a blessed life 'twould be.

THE OLD BROKEN GATEPOST.*

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my school-days,
When fond recollections present them to view.
The college, the campus, the fair-ground and by-ways,

*Written for Journal of Agriculture, 1890.

And every loved spot which the students all knew;
The road to the graveyard, the woodland that's
nigh it,
Where botany lovers their secrets would tell;
There Mayday excursions would close with a riot,
But, ah! the old gatepost could charm 'way the
spell.
The old broken gatepost, the rusty hinged gatepost,
Could it talk what secrets the gatepost would tell.

That old beloved entrance, I hail as a treasure,
For often at night when returned from a steal,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest, that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with heart all aglowing,
And quick my companion the secret could tell;
Then soon with the emblem of love overflowing,
And laden with sweetness 'twas given—ah, well!
The old broken gatepost, the rusty hinged gatepost,
The iron bound gatepost that stood sieges well.

How sweet o'er the pickets at night to receive it,
Opposites attract—hence meeting of lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt one to
leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips!
And now far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to the old occupation,
And sighs for the gatepost, and kisses as well.
The old broken gatepost, the rusty hinged gatepost,
The moss-covered gatepost, that lays where it fell.

TO A ROSE-BUD.*

Oh! sweet and beautiful rosebud,
Emblem of early spring,
To think that so much beauty,
Is enclosed in so small a thing;
So much of grand perfection,
And of wisdom quaint and rare,
So sweet, too, is thy fragrance,
And thou art wondrous fair.

I wonder who was thy maker;
Surely some one very wise,
For thine is real perfection
And man can not thus devise;
And so to some power higher,
Than the frail, weak powers of man,
To one—the Supernatural—
I'll ascribe thy wondrous plan.

*This poem will be found in Poets of America.

This being is called by us, God;
He's the Maker of us all;
He lists to our feeblest cry
And hears e'en the sparrows fall;
And here is thy sister fair,
But lo ! concealed in her heart,
Is a worm—the sad destroyer
Who is ever doing his part.

Oh, ye sadly shattered beauty,
Thy heart is vacant within,
Thou'rt the emblem of fallen man,
The worm—the demon of sin,
He stole as a thief in the night,
Into thy pure heart's cell;
And now as I behold you,
You are naught but an empty shell.

So many of God's dear children,
Let the worm steal into their heart,
'Till we see so much corruption—
It chills us, and quickly we start.
I'll pluck this worm from the bud
And help it be a perfect flower,
'Twill gladden—tho' late in the day—
And brighten the gloomiest hour.

MOTHER'S LETTER.

Only one letter to-night?
That's all; I heard him say.
Disappointment on my brow,
Wearily I turned away.

One letter? Yes, it's from home,
Eagerly I broke the seal
To see what was going on,
I knew it would reveal.

A letter—yes, from mother;
Ah, those who have one know,
What a rich store of comfort,
These letters on us bestow.

How they lighten the burden
Of life, as we bear it on,
What a halo of glory,
They shed on the absent one.

Each word a golden treasure,
That sinks deep into the heart,
That's cherished in our memory
And forms of life a part.

I read clear through the letter,
'Till I came to the last,
And with her closing blessing,
My tears fell thick and fast.

An undertone of sadness,
I read it in every line,
Breathed from the heart of mother,
It entered into mine.

Vainly I longed to see her,
And hear her voice so sweet;
Receive her kiss of welcome,
For thus she would me greet.

Ah ! she's the sweetest mother
That ever lived I know !
The most self-sacrificing,
And you, too, would think so,
If you knew her as I do.
But ah ! you never can.
As I think her life over
I blush at what I am.

She's all that's pure and noble,
All that's good and true,
I never can repay the love,
That I know is her due.

God bless my darling mother,
With peace thou alone canst give,
And joy and purest sunlight,
So long as she may live.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Oh, give me back my childhood,
The happy days of yore,
When I knew naught of sorrow.
Nor had aught to brood o'er;
Ignorant of old earth's troubles,
Blissful in childish glee,
With an innocent trusting heart--
Oh, give it back to me !

Knowledge of some wrong is bitter,
Ignorance of some is bliss,
By sorrow we're made better,
Humanity tires of this.
The heart is not a millstone,
To grind till worn away;
Shutting from life its pleasures,
Turns not the night to day.

Oh, for thy golden tresses,
That fringe a peaceful brow,
For one golden happy hour,
 You have so many now !
The child heeds not my pleading,
But frolicking runs away,
To enjoy life's richest blessings,
 In its pure and artless way.

So I will cease repining,
And gather the threads of gold,
To weave with those of crimson,
 That look so worn and old.
Perhaps a ray of sunlight,
'Twill yield some blighted life,
To know that others suffer,
 And conquer in the strife.

MARCH.

Hail ! thou unpropitious March !
Thou herald of beloved spring.
From sweet tempers ye take the starch,
 And make us think of evil things.

Aeolus has stayed in his cave;
His vengeful wrath we have not known,
But thou who carest not to save,
Hath from his door rolled 'way the stone.

He rushes forth with lordly air,
His pent-up fury knows no bounds;
He leaves us almost in despair;
Departing, throws us back a frown.

Yet, after all, thou'rt not so bad,
As often thou art deemed by men;
The birds sing and seem to be glad,
The brooks go rippling through the glen.

To-day the skies are blue and clear;
To-morrow dark and angry clouds,
Make the heavens look cold and drear,
And robe the earth in a snowy shroud.

The breath of spring pervades the air,
Through all of these ne'er ending scenes,
And life withal looks bright and fair;
The dark foretells of better things.

SOMEDAY.

Someday—

The labor question will be solved;
The wrongs and evils now involved—
These things will all to light be brought,
And souls for money can't be bought.
Farmers' rights will be respected,
Poor men will not be rejected;
Honest labor with due reward,
Is what's commanded by the Lord.
Monopolies won't keep the throne,
'Till men are starved to skin and bone.
For freedom's rights and justice's claim,
They'll fight with all their might and main.

Someday—

The men who fan the party fire,
Will buried be with their grandsire,
Across Mason and Dixon's line;
Long fostered hatred we'll resign,
And joining hands with God our judge,
No more we'll harbor the old grudge.
Sectional strife must surely cease,

If from our chains we hope release.
Like Rip of old the farmer is;
He's had his nap but now has "ris";
Rubs his eyes and begins to see,
"Poor fool," he says. "Can this be me?
Have I been toiling all these years,
With nothing gained but painful fears?
I raise my grain—wheat, oats and corn,
The Wall street men with looks forlorn,
Tell me the price that they will give,
And I must sell, that I may live.
I can not say my soul's my own;
I always borrow—never loan.

"Monopolies are very kind;
They fix prices to ease my mind—
Of work and worry; all such things;
And take the money that it brings.
They give me work, they take the sleep,
And think that living's very cheap.
Blest benefactors! Noble clan!
Praised and flattered of all the land!
An hundred fold they give to me,
And tend my business gratus—see?
I'm very ignorant, I'm told;
They very wise like Sol of old.

For office I am dire unfit,
So they'll take them and that ends it,
I know not the cost of production,
They'll place my goods at reduction,
Take ten per cent as their profit,
Give me what's left—when they dock it."

The farmer supports the nation,
A man after God's creation;
Supplies the storehouse of the world,
Then why is this injustice hurled
With maddening force and deadly aim,
To take his life—scorn at his claims.
Make him a slave who feeds the race,
And say they inflict no disgrace?

Joining our strength throughout the land,
We'll in one solid phalanx stand,
We'll tend our land, keep what it brings
And not be serfs to the money kings.
We'll slay monopoly and trust,
And trample them into the dust.
With one grand effort God our guide,
We'll break the bonds, throw the gates wide,
Let the law of right hold the sway,
And glory crown the dying day.

Our starry flag we'll proudly raise,
With one triumphant shout of praise!

HEART PANGS.

Let the scenes pass on before me,
 Let the world roll on as't may;
Let the darknesss hover o'er me,
 And exclude the light of day.
Let the heart throbs cease to battle
 With each other with such force,
And glide smoothly as the brooklet,
 When it issues from its source.

Let the sea with its angry billows,
 Toss against the distant shore,
'Twill be nothing when compared with
 The heartaches to the very core.
For like the fierce and mighty lion,
 As he plunges 'gainst the bars,
'Till his roar so loud and vicious,
 Seems to reach the very stars:

So the heart when filled with anguish
Beats against its outer walls,
Till its life is thus exhausted,
And like the conquered hero—falls!

No one knows the groans of anguish,
No one hears the smothered sighs;
And the world seems no less vacant,
When these pass from 'neath our eyes.
Life to them became a burden,
The hearts of men a desert waste,
The world drinks of joy's bright fountain,
And knows not sorrow's galling taste.

Oh ! the bitter, untold suffering
Borne in secret and alone;
All the weary years of meekness,
For our sorrows will atone.
Tho' so cruel, yet in wisdom,
They're upon us sent of God,
To prepare us for the dwelling
In his grand and blest abode.

Yea, thrice blessed is the being,
Who the hand of God can trace,
In all the good and ill that checkers
Life's fair volume ! And can face

Misfortune calm—submissive,
To the will of Him who said:
That the weary shall be rested,
And the hungry shall be fed.

THE SIGNBOARD.

Dedicated to Chillicothe, Missouri.

On a visit once to the city,
To see an honored friend,
To a second story window,
I chanced my way to wend.
Fanned by the balmy southern breeze
Fell to pondering at my ease.

I was roused from meditating;
Noise on the street below
Broke the spell of my reverie.
The passers to and fro,
All seemed to be on business bent,
Nor 'till 'twas over, be content.

I noticed most all seemed going
(Oh dreadful sight to see),
In a cellar across the street,

And the secret was told to me.
On the signboard, over the stair—
Read it, young men, and then beware !

The board was painted spotless white:
SALOON ! in letters black,
So plain that no one could mistake,
And choose the evil track;
For at the end the truth I found—
'Twas a hand, and pointing down !

Never was truer signboard made
Its evil to portray;
Such dens are oftener under ground,
Than in the light of day;
Away from all that's good and pure,
Their victims there they seek to lure.

Say—loon ! You're invited to go—
The hand points out the way—
Down ! to the lowest depths of vice;
Down ! where there is no day;
Down ! where shame and misery dwell;
Down ! Yes, even down to Hell !

The human will is swallowed up
By that vile demon—Run !
Helpless now to retrace his steps,

Or from his sin to come.
His heated brain can know no rest:
“More rum!” he cries. “I like it best.”

Go to the alley on Poverty street,
The children not half clad;
Despair shrouds the frenzied mother’s face,
Her little ones cry for bread;
The story of a blighted life,
You read in this poor drunkard’s wife.

I’ve explained the signboard to you;
Do you wish now to go,
To partake of the social glass,
And drink this cup of woe?
Barter your life, your hopes, your all,
And in its deadly clutches fall?

JUNE MEMORIES.

To class ’90.

It’s only a box of relics,
Rare treasures too, to me;
The odor of gladsome memories,
Is wafted up to me
With these old withered flowers,
Tokens of love and good will,

Received on graduation,
From friends who love me still.

'Twas the day of crowning glory,
After a four years strife;
The adjustment of the armor
For the great warfare of life.
We've fought in the fiercest battles!—
(They were only visions then,
Thoughts in flowery language,
To please the hearts of men.)

We've been in this terrible conflict,
And suffered worse than death,
For we live to tell the story
Of failures! and joys bereft
Where we looked for brightest laurels,
And for victories more grand,
Than e'er on the field of battle,
Were won by mortal hand.

Yes—here lies the golden pencil,
That was to record it all;
But here on my heart it's written
And covered with a pall;
And here, too, is the kerchief,
That should wipe away the tears,

And this little golden circlet,
Means a love ne'er dimmed by years.

This story of blighted love,
Written by Thomas Moore,
Told the story of its donor,
A classmate, what is more:
While this cross of lovely roses,
Meant the cross that I must bear;
Six of us that bright June morning,
The degree B. S. to wear.

Four were men so brave and valiant,
Two were women, not afraid
Of the conflict they must enter,
Nor by it one bit dismayed;
Ten long years of earnest effort,
And our ranks unbroken yet,
Still with nobler, sterner purpose,
To serve God and self forget.

MAMMA'S STORY.

“Tell me a story, mamma,”
Said a fair haired little tot,
With eyes so bright and glistening—
No, she had not forgot.

“Tell about meddlesome Mattie;

 No; tell me about the pig
A man found in the woods;
 And’t wasent one bit big.

“A wee little bit a ’sing
 And dident have but one eye,
And nebber had any muvver—
 I ’spect that made it cry.

“Twas purty near starved to death,
 And so he took it home;
Gived it to his little dirl—
 I ’spect she’s glad it come.

“And so in a great big box
 She put it, and give it milk,
And when she went to see it,
 The milk was ’bout all spilt.

“But ’fore long it got so big,
 They had to put it in a pen,
Her papa went way—way—off,
 Her uncle lived there, and then

“When it was a great big hog,
 He got a lot of water hot,
And what—you—think—he—done,
 He killed it! put it in a pot,

“And scalded it and scraped it,
And made ’ard and meat of it!
An’—sir—don’t you think;
She never got n-a-r-r-y bit

“Of money, to buy tanny,
Or anysing. ’Twas worth whole lot,
But there now, I’ve told it,
Well, mamma, I fordot !”

GOSSIPING.*

It matters not what the world may say,
If the heart is right with God;
To believe all gossips will not pay,
As we journey on this sod.
The world is full of ready hands,
Who have an ax to grind;
To accomplish their own selfish ends,
Is the whole of their design.

There’s many a rose in the path of life,
Ready to pluck by some fair hand,
But so many gather the thorns,
And leave the rose to stand.

*This was my first literary effort and was prompted by the whole-sale stock of gossip current in the village at this time—in the spring of '88, I believe.—Author.

But human nature is weak and frail,
Liable to make mistakes;
Those who make of themselves "tell tales,"
Find that there's little to make.

When you hear one speak ill of another,
Aye—certain there's something 'neath it all;
It's hard to quell the hatred of a brother,
And sometimes it can not be quelled at all.
It's the hardest trial there is in life,
To forgive the falsehoods told on us by others,
Yet if we forgive not envy and strife,
Neither can we be forgiven by our Father.

In traveling the thorny path of life,
There's many a lesson to be learned,
And those ever ready to kindle strife,
Are the ones, if any, to be spurned.
There are none of God's children perfect,
And those who hope to be,
Must leave off slandering others,
'Till from imperfections they are free.

There are those who pretend to be one's friends,
Who prove to be everything else;
Who are ever striving themselves to defend,
Thinking of no one but—self.

They tell things untrue to appear just themselves,
And help tend the affairs of their neighbors,
And seem not to know they injure themselves,
Much more than their objects of labor.

Strive to abstain from this awful curse,
Be true to principle, and God;
And you will never be any worse,
And at last receive your reward.
There's nothing lost by doing right,
But always something gained;
The truth will finally come to light,
No matter how many darts are aimed.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

Hark! Hear the tolling, tolling, tolling,
Of the mighty bell of time;
How it rouses us from our stupor,
With its ever doleful chime.

It seems to us that we've been sleeping,
'Till the year draws near its close;
Suddenly we assert our manhood,
Wrest ourselves from vain repose.

We see the souls that we've perverted,
Those who sought to do the right,

Our present joy is turned to anguish,
And our day is turned to night.

Memory that is ever busy,
Always to her trust so true,
Though we should be e'er so unwilling,
Brings to our astonished view,

All our misdeeds, our crimes and errors,
In their blackness and their might,
And in our sincere meditation,
We must view, and view aright.

Though by self-love we be blinded,
Now the scales fall from our eyes;
Our many faults we must acknowledge,
To a sense of duty rise.

Oh ! since we listened to the ringing,
Just one year ago to-night,
Many who heeded then its warning,
Have passed through the gates of light.

Dead? Ah no! Souls never perish,
They have everlasting life,
We shuffle off this mortal body
But the soul hath future life.

Do we realize the full meaning,
In those tones so deep and low,
Does it tell of work well ended,
Does it fill our cup of woe?

Sealed, forever, is the year's record,
Nothing now can altered be,
Then let's resolve with true endeavor,
Our future record to keep free,

From all like errors we've committed,
In the year so near its close,
By nobler thoughts and manhood,
Free ourselves of "last year's" woes.

Let the past teach us the dear lesson,
So much needed every day,
That to love God and help our fellows,
Cheers the dark and gloomy day.

Listen! Now the bell's ceased ringing,
Its last faint tones have died away;
Then gladly welcome in the New Year,
Tho' sad ye marked the old's decay.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! thou fragrant flower,
That blooms as fair in hut as mansion grand,
All prize thy value and thy soothing power,
Eternal ! thou wilt stand.

We meet, we love, we part,
Thus do true friends o'er all this world so wide,
Keen arrows pierce through many a loving heart,
The scars will e'er abide.

We view the loved one's face,
Remembrance stamps their image on our heart,
We take one lingering look, one fond embrace,
And then alas—must part !

Just as we learn to love,
Our heart's desire is taken from our grasp,
Instinctively we turn our thoughts above,
And ask: Can friendship last ?

In every phase of life,
No matter where our unknown lot is cast,
Meeting and parting, the ever-surging strife,
Performs her sad, sad task.

It ever has been thus.
We meet new friends, yet hold the old ones dear,
Their memory is cherished still by us,
 Of them we love to hear.

True friendship never dies,
Its sacred fires on many an altar glow;
Hidden in the heart, away from prying eyes,
 It burns, yet ne'er grows low.

SMILES—A VALENTINE.

Thy smile is always sweet,
But sometimes very sad,
How oft it does me greet,
And make my heart so glad.
And so in truth and love,
This valentine I send,
And warn you, guard your smiles,
Lest you my heart do rend.

***KENTUCKY POLICY.**

If you long for fame or glory,
And possess a stubborn will,
There's a land of song and story,
Romance, fine horses and the still.
They have feuds and fights and rulers,
Who dispute each other's power.
They need large, capacious coolers,
'Till the courts decide the hour.

'Tis the motto in Missouri,
(So I've heard wise people say);
"You must show me," they adjure you,
"I can't take your yea or nay;"
But over there—in Kentucky,
Where good Bourbon and Mossbacks grow,
If you'd be accounted lucky,
"Just fight it out," 'tis all the go.

*Written February, 1900, commemorating the Taylor-Goebel fight for governorship of Kentucky, also the terrible feud and fight the same winter.

*IN MEMORIAM.

To the Memory of My Sainted Cousin, Cleo Edrington.

There's another flower in the garden of God,
Its delicate beauty no pen can describe;
There was never one purer graced the cold sod,
Or so lavish with sweetness that all might imbibe.

There's a vacant chair in the circle at home,
And hearts almost crushed by the pain and the
grief;
And buried lie many fond hopes in the tomb,
But Christ to the mourner pours out his relief.

So kind, obedient and loving withal,
Like a pure, polished diamond so genuine and
true.
With grace and submission she answered the call;
In the realm of the blest she's enjoying her due.

Yes, Cleo, I know there are stars in your crown,
Whose number and brilliancy none can surpass;

*This poem will be found in the history of Hill county, Texas,
published in 1892.

They would dazzle our vision, and cause us to frown,
Could we in thy glory but view thee, alas!

'Tis not for poor mortals in the struggle for life,
To view the rich splendor that awaits us beyond;
'Twould rob us of all that we need in the strife,
That makes life so dear—that we treasure so
fond.

In God's garden eternal, this flower will bloom
In fullness and beauty—for there is no decay;
She's smoothed the passport, to the cold dreary
tomb,
And awaits at the portals the glorious day !

When the earth and the sea shall give up their dead,
What a grand reunion of God's children there'll
be!
The meeting will not be o'ershadowed with dread,
For parting in Heaven, such never could be.

Then cheer up, ye loved ones, who linger behind,
There's a grand work allotted you yet here below,
You have a bright star, a clear hope in mind,
That shines on your pathway wherever you go.

Its light is ne'er dimmed by the sorrows of earth,
Through the deepest of gloom it will e'en penetrate,
Ah ! who would not say that it has untold worth,
Then go where it leads you, before it's too late.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh, let me live o'er the olden time,
With the friends that are no more,
And hear once more the silvery chime,
Of their voices that I adore;
That they may cheer my lonely heart,
Quiet my longing, ease my despair,
And fill the vacancy in my heart,
Where true friends dwell alas—too rare !

There was one seemed as a sister,
Ever ready to aid and cheer;
Since she's gone I sadly miss her,
And see her seldom through the year.
Could I but see that absent one,
Hear the sweet, melodious strain
Of that voice so sad—then fun—
I'd be so happy once again.

She to virtue was ever true,
To friends—was just the same;
So lovable, so innocent, too—
Love ruled supreme in her domain;
To know her was but to love her,
So pure were all her thoughts;
Faults in her I'd scarce discover,
Though oft and long our private talks.

How oft our friends do traitors prove,
And wreck our faith in human nature;
We shrink from those we once did love,
And place our thoughts in our Creator.
That secret chamber of our heart,
Where Trust her scepter long has swayed,
Now bars the door, and says, Depart !
I'll trust no more—to be betrayed.

But thou ! old friend of college days,
Long life to thee and health and peace !
Oft hast thou cheered my gloomy days,
And bade old care and sorrow cease ;
Thy heart is true as tempered steel,
Thy conscience clear as morning's dew ;
Tho' change may come, I'll ever feel,
That heaven was made for such as you !

TAKE ME BACK.

Oh ! take me back to the sunny South,
Where the zephyrs are always at play,
Where health and happiness came to me—
Came, as I thought, to stay.

The future so bright with success beamed,
When pain and suffering ceased;
The transformation seemed complete,
The soul had been released !

The clouds had rolled in splendor away,
While clear and bright the daylight shone;
Happiness again her scepter swayed,
But now—it all has flown !

For weakness found my feeble frame,
While trouble like a deluge comes,
With pain that darts like the lightning's flash,
List to the heart-strings thrum.

Yet life, like a dead weight, must be borne,
No matter how bitter or heavy the load;
“Whom He loveth He chasteneth” we read—
’Tis only for his children’s good.

A PRAYER.

Oh, teach us to be patient, Father,
Submissive to thy will;
Grant thy holy benediction,
To rest upon us still.

Help us to be more like thee,
In charity and love,
Forgiving a wayward brother,
Who has a traitor proved.

Help us to pass through trials,
Refined and purified;
And always to be cheerful,
No matter what betide.

And, Father, in thy wisdom,
Show us the true, the right,
Untainted by dishonor
And free from sin's foul blight.

We are but human, Father,
Unworthy, weak and frail;
We need thy constant presence;
In our own strength we fail.

We thank thee for thy blessings,
So bountiful they've been;
We plead thy sweet forgiveness,
For we are prone to sin.

Forgive us our unfruitful lives, ,
And help us to be better;
Constantly nearing thee;
Loosening the galling fetters.

Grant that we lift the fallen,
And give them a word of cheer,
Thus making the old world better,
By our having resided here.

*A MYSTERY.

How strange this life of ours,
The cares that make it seem a cumbrous load;
The suffering beyond our mortal powers;
How pain our souls do goad.

*Written in 1892.

How strange the fire of love,
When kindled on the hearthstone of the heart;
Its incense rises to the ports above,
'Till soul and body part.

Should disappointment come,
The heart's fond idol be forever lost;
The fire ne'er dies, but still burns on and on—
How dreadful is the cost !

We think we've conquered all;
The past long dead, yea, buried and forgot;
When some passing trifle will the past recall—
Oh God ! How hard a lot.

How fierce the battle fought !
The will to curb affection, tries in vain,
And when, it seems, the victory is wrought,
The last faint hope is slain !

Yet in this world of ours,
The broken-hearted many, grope their way
Aimless and hopeless, like blighted flowers,
Waiting resurrection day.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, good-bye ! 'Tis said at last;
After all these weary years
That we have lived and loved each other,
Through sunshine, storm and tears.
The yawning gulf gaps wide between,
Nor will it e'er be crossed;
The past hath many vain regrets,
Yet love's labor is not lost.

Good-bye, good-bye ! That mournful wail:
Will its echoes never cease
'Till from life's surging, threatening waves,
Death brings a sweet release?
Yet after all, a living death,
So dreadful 'tis to me—
We must not sigh, or shed a tear,
But beam with joyous glee.

Good-bye ! The world will never know
This anguished, bleeding heart
Is dying for the words of love,
From its own counterpart.

No! I will not lament the past,
Will e'en suppress the sigh;
Though hard and bitter is the task,
God wills it so—Good-bye!

THAT EDITOR.

I.

Just listen to my story,
I always tell the truth;
And I'll reveal a secret,
To help the coming youth:
That editor has a woodpile,
Heaped high at our back stile.

II.

The women who go shopping,
Poorthings! they're tired, I know,
With such a raft of samples,
And ne'er the goods to show:
If men but gave them ample "chink,"
'Twould save so much of printer's ink.

III.

The much abused spring poet,
Is murdered every year;

We read his obituary,
With ne'er a sigh or tear:
'Tis a chestnut and we know it,
So let's all just at him throw it.

IV.

Thanksgiving ne'er fails to bring
The turkey's strut and gobble
To a quietus, we laugh
Whilst him we throttle:
That editor's cavernous maw
Gobbles the whole within his jaw.

VI.

Whenever a girl gets married,
She's "accomplished," yea and "handsome,"
Though ugly as a mud fence,
With ne'er an art for ransom:
'Twould rouse that ed's most baneful ire,
To even hint that he's a liar!

V.

That poor dude with cigarette,
Cane and eyeglass, doncherknow,
He's so tired—no wonder—
Stood up for a constant show:

He has furnished inspiration
For all the eds since his creation.

LIFE IS SWEET.

Life is sweet! so the doctor said,
And oh! how it thrilled my soul;
Sometimes we think if we were dead,
'Twould be better, on the whole.
For life, with all it is and means,
At times would be gladly given—
We hunger for the joys serene
That linger round the ports of heaven.

Life is sweet! Aye, say not so,
For the sweet has turned to gall;
There's nothing left but deepest woe.
Thou believest not? Then lift the pall
And view the fondly cherished hopes,
Blighted; just in their blooming time.
And oh! how wearily time mopes.
Since love was murdered at her shrine.

And ruddy health, that blessed boon,
That's never prized 'till lost!

Gropes ever in the deepening gloom.

Thou'l never know the frightful cost,
Unless ye, too, hath a victim been,
And drank of the bitter dregs,
Like paupers that so oft we've seen;
But release from pain, we beg.

And there were aims as clear and bright
As the spider's web when morning's dew
Glittered in the bright sunlight;
So perfect were they, and so true.
But now behold them, there they lie,
A ruined, mangled heap !
Doomed with all else to fade and die,
Whilst we bemoan our fate and weep.

Then say'st thou that life is sweet?
Sweet ! what a mocking sound,
'Tis a cruel infliction we must meet,
Placed on us, e'er we wear the crown.
Then wear it proudly, bravely, well,
Submissive, for the Giver
Will yet remove it, and will tell,
'Twas nobly worn, receive a better.

***MAY-DAY.**

The winter is over; the magic voice
Of spring once more bids all rejoice;
The sun with warm congenial rays,
Foretells of brighter, happier days.

April, with her gloomy, drizzling showers,
Has glided by, like the summer hours;
'Till once more, with our joyful lay,
We welcome back the beautiful May.

Just like children, from school let out,
We herald it with song and shout.
Of all the months within the year,
May seems to us by far most dear.

The trees arrayed in all shades of green,
The gentle murmur of the little stream,

*While in college the committee on arrangements for a May-Day party requested me to write a May-Day poem appropriate for the raising of a May pole. Not being able to find an appropriate poem in the "standard authors," hence these verses were the first that were written "to order." After the event mentioned the faculty took advantage of my supposed rhyming ability and I was called upon to supply a "long felt want." This May-Day party furnished the only occasion in which I was called upon to "meet the faculty" during my four years' course.

The clear, sweet notes of the whip-poor-will,
As they float on the evening air so still,

Seem to lure us with their charms,
And unburden our hearts of all that harms.
All things are new, buds, leaves and flowers,
And whisper to us of happy hours,

When we can roam o'er hill and dale,
And gather them in woodland's vale;
The pansy shyly lifts its head,
As maidens do when asked to wed.

The johnny-jump-up, so bold and gay,
Looks as if connected with it some way;
While the turtle doves on yon hill's brow,
Court like two lovers, just learning how.

All things are active, up and doing,
May seems the time for successful wooing;
And if any doubt the truth of this,
Just taste and see, 'twill end in bliss.

So in honor of the month of May,
We celebrate the first, the gala day;
Gents, with maids of nut brown hair,
Sparkling eyes and cheeks so fair;

Wander forth as in days of old,
To gather flowers for the May pole;
While others of more artistic grace
Stay, the holly and flowers to place.

As round the pole the flowers they twine,
Cupid wanders from his clime,
And with his magic well aimed darts,
Pierces through two youthful hearts.

Just note those glances, shy and sweet,
That escape when their eyes do meet.
The pole now in rainbow tints arrayed,
The raising by all hands must be made.

E'er long loud cheerings rend the air,
The May pole's raised ! Her garlands fair
With floating ribbons sway the breeze,
Are wafted back by the leafy trees.

The old time May Day dance begins;
Each youth a blushing partner wins.
So now, do you wonder and still say:
Why is it that the youth love May ?

*A PARTING.

'Tis almost a year since we parted,
And said to each other good-bye,
And vowed we'd be true to each other;
True—until we should die.

You said in your heart was a doubting,
That if e'er we should meet again,
It would not be as of old,
But fraught with bitterest pain.

Pain which nothing could lessen,
But Time as the years unroll;
For it soothes the bitterest anguish,
And calms the tempestuous soul.

How I doubted the truth of your words,
And thought it never could be;
But e'en now the great Revelator,
Has proved it thus ever to be.

The world lay buried in stillness;
Was hushed in the quiet of night;
For God had drawn the dark curtain
That shuts out the bright sunlight.

*Written in '88.

All nature was robed in beauty;
Hushed was the song of birds;
The wind's low moan subsided,
As also the lowing of herds.

The moon rose brightly that evening,
Long after the setting sun;
And seemed to tell two saddened hearts,
That the trying hour had come.

We watched that setting together,
And wondering—you and I—
How many times in the future,
We'd gaze on that western sky.

As we did on this sad evening—
The sadness transformed to bliss,
When as twain we one should travel,
To the other world, from this.

* * * *

But no more we'll watch that orb
Sink back of the western hill,
For the one who watched with me
Is long since cold and still.

Yes, Mother Dust's received him,

His spirit's flown to God;

And methinks I see the angels,

Guarding that mound of sod;

And as I stand beside it,

My heart o'er flows with love,

And I long to join the departed,

In the heavenly home above.

And oft in the quiet evening,

When the hard day's work is done,

Do I watch with sweet submission,

The setting of the sun.

For I know there'll be a meeting,

When life and its cares are o'er,

That will not be saddened with parting,

For we'll meet to part no more.

A loving mother has been laid to rest,

One who had performed well life's duty;

There's a vacant chair, and hearts bereft;

The sun has set on a life of beauty.

Why mourn ye for the dear departed?

God knoweth best! Doubt not his love.

Rely on Christ for consolation,
And he who lives and reigns above.

For he alone can comfort give,
To the heart bowed down with sorrow;
The clouds may yet be turned to gold,
To soothe and bless thee on the morrow.

Then cheer up, and toil nobly on,
In the grand work that God has given.
You have a star to lure you on,
To that blest haven we call heaven.

A TRIBUTE.

Somewhere in the sunny Southland,
Lives a poet grand !
And the lyre gives sweetest music,
From his magic hand.

Fame has not yet proclaimed him,
To the world; ah, no !
Still are those sad strains the sweeter,
To those who do know

And those who have never listened
To his sad sweet song,

Will not know the bliss, the rapture,
They have missed so long,

Till in the unlooked-for future,
It may be by chance,
Like rare treasures so long hidden,
They may reach their glance;

And shine with such wondrous beauty,
Startling them the while,
Till the world will see their brightness,
And send back her smile.

But ye ask me for his name ?
No ! I will not do it—
'Tis the Border Bard, some say,
Others call him—PREWETT !

SONG—THE WANDERER.

I am tired, so tired and weary,
Wandering o'er this world's expanse;
Sighing for the loved and lost ones,
As the months and years advance;
Sighing for the hopes long buried,
Past and gone beyond recall;

All I loved it seems has vanished,
And I'm weary of life's thrall.

Chorus—Tired and weary, yet no one cares;
No one a look of pity gives.
Oh, for a smile to light my pathway,
Just one kiss from a love that lives.

How I crave life's joys when others
All around me seem so free;
Not a thorn to pierce their pathway,
While so many are strewn for me:
Once like they, I too, was happy,
But it seems so long ago;
Life is fraught with many changes—
Thorns you know with roses grow.

Chorus.—

Yes, I'll make my home with strangers,
Where the past will cease to haunt,
And where others will not jeer me,
With their cruel bitter taunt.
Then I'll live and have a purpose,
Cease my rovings o'er the wild,
And perhaps God yet will bless me;
His poor weary, wandering child.

MONUMENTS.

Each day we are building monuments,
That must surely fall or stand.
Are they on the solid rock
Or the loose and shifting sand?

In this monumental character,
Let's build with tact and skill;
And with deft and dextrous fingers shape
To a master's taste and will.

The evil deeds, the harsh words spoken,
Are the blocks of vice and crime;
They will moulder into dust,
And perish in their own due time.

Our misspent days and our wasted hours,
Are the bricks left out the wall
Where good ones should have been.
We find, Alas ! There's none at all.

The duties only half performed;
The work that we have spurned
Because we deemed it useless,
Are the brick—'tis true—that were unburned.

Could we view this mottled monument,
As seen from the throne on high;
Like a listless careworn trav'ler,
Unheedingly, we'd pass it by.

Let the clay for your brick be judgment;
Common sense the fire should be;
Tempered by the light of reason;
From the winds of vice and malice free.

Mix your mortar with art and firmness;
Pour free from the fount of love;
Be sure that you've consistency—
Justice and right your mould will prove.

Let the base be built of solid truth,
That the ruthless hand of time,
Ne'er imprint her blasting touch,
In any age or distant clime.

Let the walls of adamantine faith,
Be decked by the stars of hope,
That the pilgrim on his way,
May not in the darkness have to grope.

Let this be circumscribed by love,
Let righteousness the vertex be,

Let wisdom reign in all supreme,
And a grand structure then you'll see!

***CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.**

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
So “the preacher” said of old;
After many days thou’lt find it,
Increased, yea, an hundred fold.
For our good deeds gain momentum,
In the steady march of years,
And our goodness keeps on growing,
Strengthened by the doubts and fears.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
Scatter with a broadcast hand,
Till the crumbs of life are wafted,
Into every heathen land.
Sow the good seed for the Master,
With a loving heart and true;
Earnestly work out the mission,
He has given you to do.

*Written for and published in the Church Register, 1894.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
See! the waves are near at hand,
Beckoning us to give them something,—
Something that will better man;
That will save him from the whirlpool,
And the curse of sin and death.
How can we resist such pleading
While we’ve health, and life, and breath?

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
Oh! there’s so much we can give,
And the Christian life is richer,
As we others help to live.
Give the many deeds of kindness,
And the radiant light of hope
That buoys up the weaker pilgrims,
Who perhaps, in doubts may grope.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
Oh, this means so much to me!
How I wish that I could tell you
So that you could feel and see,
All the beauty, and the glory,
Of the ideal Christian life;
Free from malice and from envy,
Free from all that creates strife.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
With a loving, lavish hand;
How this precept stirs the heart-strings,
For ’tis a divine command.

Listen! For thy conscience dictates;
Heed! Thy spirit strives within;
Do thy duty for the Master,
Then the portals enter in.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

All hail to the happy New Year,
Proclaim it with joyful sound;
The hills have caught up the echo,
And sent it back with a bound.

The music so sweet and enchanting,
Falls on the listening ear;
We stop, but Father Time ushers
The dawn of another New Year.

Sealed and stamped is the volume,
Of last year’s thoughts and deeds.
Tears and sighs can not alter,
What the recording angel reads.

Tho' blurred and blackened its pages,
We can not change them now;
Sighing but makes us weary,
And furrows adds to our brow.

There is presented a volume,
With pages all spotless and white;
The recording angel whispers,
Take ye the pen and write.

Write of the glorious goodness
Of Christ to the children of men;
Shadow it forth in your actions,
Live to some purpose, and then—

The deeds that here are recorded,
Will ne'er cost a blush or sigh;
Others will hope and take courage,
Do right, that in peace ye may die.

Live not for self, but for others,
For God and the good of mankind;
Bind up the broken hearted;
Be always gentle and kind.

Then welcome the glad New Year
Joyfully! List to the bells

Chiming in tones so silvery;
How the sweet cadence swells.

Our hearts respond to the music;
Gladly we continue life's train,
With another New Year before us,
And an Old one behind with its pain.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

“Only a yellow violet,”
You thoughtlessly cast it by,
As if it told no story—
'Tis sacred to my eye.

It whispers of hope blighted!
And tho' 'tis withered now,
I cherish every petal :
They register a vow.

From Dixie's sunny hillside,
It shed its sweet perfume,
'Till a Southern poet plucked it,
And sent me, as a boon—

Of a manly heart's devotion,
 Buoyant with life and hope;
No other flower is sweeter
 Though some may with it cope.

'Twas kissed by the gentle zephyrs,
 That float from the salt sea brine;
In its heart it bore a message,
 That found a response in mine.

The sympathetic chord awoke,
 To the simple plaintive tale,
Breathed from its heart of gold,
 Like a sad and mournful wail.

It's told its own sad story;
 Mournfully played its part;
Reaped its fruit with sorrow;
 The anguish of a broken heart.

Scorn not the withered blossom,
 But tenderly lay it away
With its token, to wait the hour
 Of the resurrection day.

JACK AT MEETING.

Jack was only a poor boy,
Poor as it's termed to-day,
But a heart as true and honest,
As ever dwelt in clay,
Beat in his manly bosom;
Shone from his face alway.

He longed to hear the gospel,
As in the olden time;
He'd listened to its teachings,
Filled with thoughts divine:
So sauntered to the church house,
With peaceful happy mind.

Twas long since he had entered,
A so-called house of God,
For, you see, fickle fortune
Had, with her chastening rod,
Made of him a victim
And smote the worldling's God.

His clothes were neat and comely,
Relics of better days;
He took a seat quite near the front,

To join the hymn in praise;
None offered him a book,
As in the olden days.

The preacher scoffed at fashion,
At making gold a God;
Of running after titles;
Joining the motley mob,
Tainted by "filthy lucre;"
Forgetting the ways of God.

Yet ere the service opened,
These "titled," "rich," and all,
Received his hearty grip—
"Glad that they had called;
Hoped to see them often,
There's a blessing for us all."

Poor Jack went out unnoticed,
Although he knew him well
Not one had deigned a greeting,
When next he heard the bell.
Of this dear church—the Christian;
He heaved a sigh—Ah, well!

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Long years have passed, and Jack,
Back to the old church goes;

Thinking of his last visit,
His worry about his clothes,
And of the tide of fortune,
How it ebbs—and flows.

His fame had gone before him,
Rumors about his wealth;
The pastor meets him half way,
Enquires about his health;
Jack with an old time twinkle
Says—"Richard is himself."

Many now gather round him,
To pick up the broken thread,
Of a discarded friendship.
Alas! Be it truly said.
All is not gold that glitters,
All fools are not yet dead.

THE SILENT CITY.

There's a quiet lovely city,
Saintly in its peaceful rest,
In the sweet and sunny Southland,
'Tis a city of the blest.

There is heard no jar no discord,
 There is no traffic, and no rush;
For the business cares are over—
 Earth to earth and dust to dust.

There the walks are all of gravel,
 And the dwellings all are white;
Emblematic of the spirits,
 Who have passed the gates of light.
There the sea breeze fans the temples,
 And a sad sweet stillness reigns;
They've passed the gates triumphant,
 Loosed from earth and all its pains.

This lone city on the hillside,
 Ever bright and fresh to me,
With its memories so sacred,
 For a dweller there you see,
Was endeared by ties of kindred
 Closely woven 'bout the heart—
So ambitious young and hopeful—
 Yet death snapped the chords apart.

There the mocking bird his carol
 Sings throughout the livelong day,
And the flowers bloom as sweetly,
 O'er the lifeless lumps of clay,

As tho' sorrow ne'er had stricken,
Joy from out so many hearts;
And so many hopes here buried,
Killed by Death's keen piercing darts.

Yet from out this gloom and sadness,
Is a star of glory risen,
With joy we see an empty grave,
And behold an open heaven;
And we hear the angels chanting,
List! to the heavenly choir sing,
“Oh, grave, where is thy victory,
Oh, death, where is thy sting!”

SOCIETY TURMOIL.

And so all Washington is shocked,
'Cause the “dearest little woman,”
Got tired of the formality,
And boldly sought the foreman.
The President is worried,
With Hay for company;
Ambassador and supreme court,*
File claims of mutiny.

*Justice.

How absurd and ridiculous !
Just like children's quarrels
About which one's the biggest,
And each one trouble borrows.
Society's in a ferment !
'Tis nothing new you see ;
This squabbling over nothing,
And all will soon agree.

Like the olden time apostles,
Who to their Leader said,
Which one shall be the greatest ?
The Master hung his head
Ashamed, and grieved at heart,
After such tireless teaching.
This spirit still undaunted ;
Still so far out-reaching —
The least shall be the greatest,
The humble meek and mild,
Who strive not for the mastery,
But is as a little child.

So down through the centuries,
The question still is handed ;
From Washington society,
Till even here it's landed,

In lodges, clubs, yea, churches,
It constant meets your eye,
The all-absorbing question:
Who's the biggest, you or I?

'SCUSE ME LADY PLEASE.

'Twas at a muddy crossing,
I waited 'till there passed by
One of the saddest pictures,
That ever met my eye.
I saw two men approaching,
A white man and a black,
One was bereft of reason,
The other had no lack.

Slowly he staggered forward,
Proclaiming that he was tough;
“Oh yes; I knows dat boss,
But I can hold ye, sho' nuff.”
Wondering what's the matter,
I stepped aside, ill at ease;
He raised his hand and mumbled,
“ ’Scuse me, lady, please !”

Still a faint sense of honor
 In his addled brain was left;
The shameful degradation,
 When manhood is bereft!
I turned and gazed with horror;
 The fumes had made me sick;
The eyes that glared so wildly,
 Had smote me to the quick.

Somebody's son and brother;
 Somebody's joy and pride
Has wrung fond hearts with anguish—
 His soul with crimson dyed.
Gone is that manly bearing;
 Where are the clear bright eyes,
Sparkling with hope and promise?
 Tell me, ye worldly wise?

Oh, American people !
 Why ye your sons do bind,
In the blackest slavery,
 Known to the human mind;
The strangest, saddest question
 Confronting us to-day:
Filling our jails and prisons,
 Turning the brown locks gray.

And ever this sad, sad picture,
 Haunting me day by day;
Clamoring for a brighter,
 Demanding a better way.
I wonder if, up yonder,
 As we wait for our degrees,
Will our brother stagger up
 With " 'Scuse me, lady, please."

LONGINGS.

Oh, that we had not ambition,
If 'tis not to be satisfied;
This constant straining to attain
To our ideal. Whilst all the time
The cruel tongues of men, lashing
From every side, to wreck our peace.
The tired spirit is goaded on
To new achievements. The impetus
Is never lacking. Energy
With which to execute our plans
Is furnished, we know not how or
From whence: We but know we're human,
Endowed, it seems, with a power

To endure that is infinite !
The spirit that dwelleth in us,
Soars far beyond this tenement
Of clay, to a realm more suited
To its pristine state, whilst we, too,
Are lifted, from out ourselves
To soar aloft with our twin spirit,
Purified, refined ! There to bask
In the ecstacies of a state
That knows no imperfections.

GOD BLESS THE POOR.

God bless the poor, the worthy poor,
Who strive so hard to gain,
A foothold in this great old earth
A wee, small part of its domain
On which to found a home,
Instead of being wanderers,
Rough tossed, and seaward blown.

This great warfare for daily bread
From morn till night is waged
Year in and year out. Fast coming on
Are large recruits to aid

In this unequal contest.

That's sapping our nation's peace
And clamoring for a settlement,
That will the poor release.

On Xmas and Thanksgiving time
Wealth from her throne bestows
Just a few paltry thousands,
With her old cast off clothes,
And thinks that she is giving,
For charity's sweet sake!
When remunerative labor
They would far rather take.

You insult the poor man's honor,
(And he's human just as you),
By offering what you would not have
As though anything would do.
He'll all but starve before he'll beg,
He's willing and glad to work;
Give him a chance, I'll vouch for him
He'll ne'er his duty shirk.

Oh, to be poor, and justly proud!
While ambition spurs you on,
To view the shops with plenty spread,
To hunger—and be gone.

Whilst others bask in luxury's lap
And feast and want for naught.
To see it and look sadly on—
What wonders man hath wrought.

As long as money buys men's votes,
And whisky flows so free,
With Trust clutching our very throats,
There's little hope for you and me.
There'll be vice and crime and suff'ring
And poverty most abject:
That good could flow from founts like these
Is useless to expect.

LITTLE THINGS.

Only a ray of sunshine,
Only one gleam of light;
Yet, 'tis a thing divine,
Brightening the darkest night.

Only a slight flirtation
To pass away the time;
Only a heartless nation,
Brings a black list of crime.

Only one word of greeting
To the stranger given;
Welcome him at meeting;
Starts him straight for heaven.

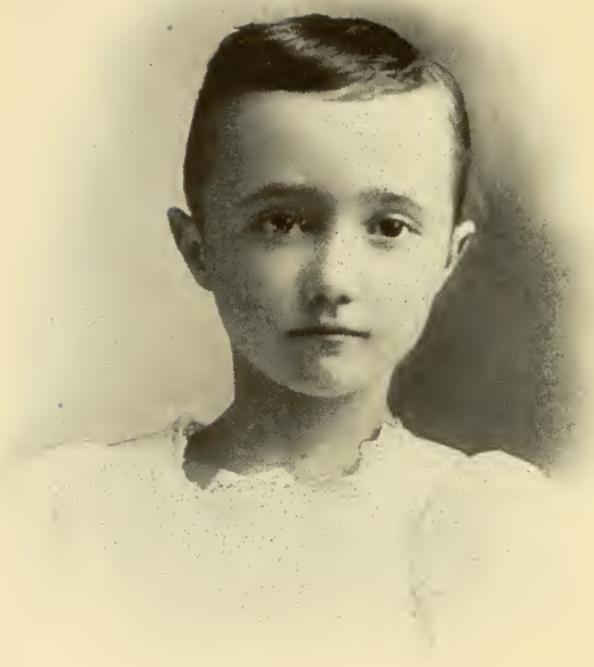
Only a kind word spoken,
To some heart-broken soul;
Somehow it seems a token,
And brighter gleams the goal.

'Twas only a widow's mite,
Yet it was her all;
'Twas much in the Savior's sight,
Though to the Jews so small.

A little interest given,
Will stay a willful death,
And let him fit for heaven
While there is life and breath.

Only a harsh word spoken,
And yet it never dies;
Perhaps some heart it's broken,
That in the grave now lies.

Only an influence given,
Either for good or bad;



DIXIE.

Only a hell or heaven,
Either one may be had.

DIXIE.*

We've a battleship named Dixie,
In which our nation prides;
And her band is ever playing,
As o'er the sea she glides.
Her decks are lined with soldiers,
From the land whose name she wears,
While the stars and stripes are keeping
Time to the national airs.

The pride of Southern chivalry,
That never knows a fear;
Stands waiting for her orders,
The Spanish coasts to clear.
They're all that could be expected
Of any kith or kin,
Theyv'e brain, and brawn, and muscle
These liberty-loving men.

* * *

Yet, I've a little Dixie,
Who lays the whole crew in the shade

*Written early Spring of 1898.

So full of pranks and badness,
 You'd wonder what ever made
A youngster of just four summers,
 So expert in tricks and plans,
That would rival any general,
 Of the whole grand army clan.

She's bright and bad and loving,
 With energy vim and grit,
And the fiery Southern temper,
 Just waiting to be lit.
You may sing of the warship Dixie
 And the land that now's a fake.
I'm sure, of the three Dixies,
 That mine would take the cake.

FOOTPRINTS OF TIME*

In studying Time's history
 Opened for us all to read,
Let us profit by its precepts,
 Of its value be agreed.

*Above poem will be found in Poets of America.

Much of knowledge, truth and wisdom,
We will find engraven there;
Much we thought had been forgotten,—
And to heaven a silent prayer

Rises in deep supplication,
To Him who sits on Mercy's throne,
To blot out the crimes, the errors;
And we in good deeds will atone

For all the vices we've committed
In the vivid bitter past,
And will ever love and serve him,
Yea, as long as life shall last.

Oh, Time ! Dost thou never weary,
In the ceaseless march of years?
Dost thy sky grow never cloudy,
Is thy light ne'er dimmed by tears ?

When we're happy, bright and joyous,
Thou flitst by—we'er unaware;
But when our joy has turned to sorrow,
Thy wings seem clogged with pain and care.

And slowly, slowly on thou draggest,
Thy fleetness, and thy brightness gone;

Tho' oft we weary of life's burden,
We grasp new hope, and bear it on.

'Tho the music all be mournful,
As played upon the harp of life,
There is a melody and sweetness,
That lulls our pain, and soothes our strife.

Love's guardian angel hovers o'er us,
Bids us labor and to wait,
And at last we'll wear the glory,
Just beyond the pearly gates.

Then learn to read aright the footprints,
Printed on the sands of time;
Know the laws of human duty,
For these all lead to the sublime.

Thoughts thus wakened prompt to action
Acts of right and untold worth,
Lights and shadows haply blended,
Brighten the sombre hues of earth;

Clouds are transformed into sunbeams,
Rippling o'er life's troubled sea,
And the seaman almost hopeless,
Views the light across the way;

Takes new courage and steers forward,
To the dim yet distant shore,
And though peril marks his pathway,
The crown he wins—the journey's o'er.

RETIRED.

“Yes, Silas and me had got so old,
We thought we’d move to town;
Take it easy the rest of our days
With narry a keer or frown
'Cause we’ve got a plenty to live on,
The rest of our nateral days,
And then we could go to meetin',
And live as the scripture sez.

“We could still have our pigs and chickens,
And Slias could keep a cow;
Of course we’d raise our own garden,
And live right well, I’ll vow.
So we are right here as I tell you,
To get all there is out of life;
But sence we’ve been lookin’ things over,
They don’t peer to suit us—quite.

"We've lived here right onto a year now,
And nobody's ever come nigh,
Except one or two, stopped a minit
Curiosity to satisfy.

And whenever we go to meetin',
As we generally, most allus do,
Folks don't give us a hearty handshake,
Er say—Why, brother, how do you do.

"They just stare without even speakin',
Some grinnin', I 'spose that they think,
Because we don't dress city fashion,
That we have'nt got any 'chink.'
That we're only two poor old codgers,
Whose souls—Well! 'they don't mount to much,
Cause they could'nt help pay the preacher.'
They're not interested in any such.

"They just shun us like we was vipers,
Or hideous monsters with horns,
Supposin' my dress aint right bran new,
There's one thing. I aint got no corns!
An' Si 'lowed that these scirty women,
That goes twistin' and cripplin' along
'Sgot feet that looks heep worse'n my bonnet,
If their shoes are pinterd and long .

“A pinchin’ their feet and their bodies,
An’ starvin’ their souls—it’s a shame!
Then talk about things bein’ rusty,
I wonder where’s most of the blaine;
Which shows the most sense and good judgment,
To keep your mind active and bright,
Or be like the poor silly pea-cock,
In your plumage alone to delight.

“I didn’t know what ‘twas to be selfish,
Or looked down on, till I come to town;
I thought that real worth and virtue,
Couldn’t have a suspicion of frown.
Land sakes! I’ve had an eyeopener,
Deceitfulness won’t ’spress it nuther,
You don’t know who is your friend here;
You enemy may be a brother.

“I’s raised to believe folks was honest;
Thought more of their souls than their clothes;
Bought only what they could pay for
But we are behind times I suppose.
It don’t matter now how you get it,
To have it! that’s the prime thing.
And you’ll be flattered and courted;
Sought after like a bird on the wing.

“There’s some folks here without a home even;
 You’d think they’s an Astor or Gould,
If you’d see them dressed up paradin’,
 Thinkin’ somebody’ll be fooled;
When everyone knows they’re like turtles,
 Just packin’ their all on their back.
Ne’er thinking that dark day is comin’,
 When they will necessities lack.

“I tell you the world to destruction’s
 Just runnin’ as fast as’t can go.
It’s jist bound to follow sich actions,
 And bring its adherents to woe.
I know you think I’m old and cranky,
 But I know the wrong from the right;
Have you read of the five foolish virgins,
 Who run out of oil, for their light?

“Then, how they had to go and buy more,
 And the bridegroom came while they’s gone;
Then the door was lockd? ’Twas too late,
 For they’d no wedding garments on.
There’ll be lots of poor foolish virgins,
 Who’ll knock at the door all in vain,
Unfitted to see the guestchamber,
 After fashion and folly’s wild reign.

"Law bless me ! I'm glad that the Lord said,
That the poor, and the sick and distressed,
Are the ones that he came to ransom,
And take to his own lovin' breast.
That we must be meek, kind and lowly,
Just restin' in his lovin' care,
And when we go to meetin' up yonder,
They'll not expect us to put on airs.

*A PLEA TO WOMEN.

Pass her by ! Let not your garments ruffle
'Gainst her sullied skirts; lest the evil eye
Of men behold thy contamination !
He hath her debased, whilst you exalted:
Both his comrades, tho' in different ways.
One the companion of his evil hours,
To satisfy the passion of his lusts;
The poor victim of his own debauchery !
Polluted, hideous to all mankind,
Like a leper then he drives her hence
Beyond the city limits ! Near at hand,
Where he may still with her consort, away

*The above was written July, 1900, after reading an article in the June number of the Manila Freeman on "Cure of the Social Evil."

From you the inspiration of his better moods.
'Tis thus we "purify the home," sacred
Since its conception, and its holy birth,
Lest knowledge of her low, vile existence
Pollute its sacred shrine. To you he comes
With loathing for her, whom he has just left,
And in scathing terms derides her wicked,
Nefarious business. Prates of his virtue.
And you? You clasp the hideous monster
To your breast! Yet this poor despicable
Human being, once maybe—chaste as thou,
"Is a necessary factor"—Listen!—
"To protect our social life." Sad, sad fate!
Sodom has sprung to life again, or else
This is the blackest, most damnable lie
That ever thrust its hideous being
Upon a civilized world; Christianized!
'Tis blasphemy on its very face
Of the darkest deepest hue! So well set
That generations long can not erase
Its awful imprint. The woman exiled!
By virtue of what right doth man remain,
To desecrate the home, poisoning the fount
From which life issues; breeding lust and vice
In generations yet unborn. Mocking
All the attempts to chain the monster down.

The “scarlet” man more common is than woman.
Let him go forth, an exile! Share the fate
Of her whose duty it was to protect.
Let him but learn to master self and then
Society needs no protection!
Poor woman—on her feeble shoulders rests
The blame since time began. “She tempted me;”
Chivalrous men repeat the charge, adown
The ages, and meek, modest woman
Resents it not. ’Tis time ye were awake.
Why longer tarry? Right wherever found
Is right and wrong is wrong. Fallen man
No better is than fallen woman, so
His house of “easy virtue” place by hers
Then will our children be the offsprings of
Our better selves. The embodiment of
Love and virtue, united in one soul
Instead of being creatures of mere chance,
Offsprings of selfish passion—yea of lust.
You must purify the fountain at its source
If e'er you hope to see its waters clear.

THE BETRAYER,

In the garden of Gethesemane,
After the midnight vigils
Came the avaricous enemy,
Leading that mob with missiles.
Boldly stepping forward "Hail Master,"
He imprints the traitorous kiss,
While those that follow after
With loud jeerings mock and hiss.

"Why this throng at such a time and hour;
Daily in the temple was I?
Twelve legions of angels I've the power,
Now to call, to make thee fly.
But no! The Scripture must be fulfilled."
The agony has been passed.
Not mine, but as my Father willed,
This act, and then the last.

In Gethsemane's lonely garden,
Each of us sometime must go,
To wrestle with hearts so hardened
Because of our sins and woe,

We must drink of the cup of sorrow,
As well as the wine of bliss;
We must feel the sting of the viper,
And hear its horrible hiss.

We may never know of such anguish,
As the man of sorrows bore;
We may never in torture languish
As He, when the thorn crown wore,
We may never sweat great drops of blood,
Like Him in the garden praying;
We may never face such an angry mob,
Or list to revilers' sayings.

But somehow, somewhere, sometime,
We too, will be oppressed:
Unknowingly we but wait the time,
When anguish will fill our breast.
We drink the elixir of gladness,
With rejoicing loud and long.
When comes the cup of gall and sadness,
'Tis the finale of our song.

Can we say like the Master after
The storm flood has swept the soul,
With sorrows most awful disaster,
I am every whit made whole ?

“Oh, Father, Thy will be done, not mine,”—

Then the fire has purified,
Cleansed—to forever after shine,
No matter what betide.

We go from the garden of sorrow,
Saddened and tempered maybe;
We list to the charges to-morrow,
That do in nowise agree.

We see the accused and accusers,
With the soldierly guard about;
In the midst are seated the rulers,
While Peter lingered without.

There at the palace of the high priest,
Where this mock trial was held,
(Just after the passover feast,
That was eaten by the twelve).
Was a listener eager and intent,
And with demon-haunted eyes;
Clutching tightly every precious cent;
Waiting the verdict of the wise.

Look! Methinks I see him even now,
Though ages long have passed;
Traitor burnt deep on his cunning brow,
Breathing in quick sharp gasps;

Feeling his hideous deep-dyed guilt,
His enormity of crime.
That innocent blood will soon be spilt—
See ! he flees, lest he lose time.

To the chief priests and elders runs
Repentant, flings on the floor
With loathing, the little paltry funds,
The price of such precious gore.
Take it ! Oh, take it back he's pleading;
The price of such innocent blood.
My soul with horror now is bleeding—
'Tis remorse of conscience flood.

Take, oh take it back and ease my soul;
'Tis writhing in this foul sin.
The awful hideousness of this whole
Affair, reeks dire within;
Thou knowest that his life is blameless,
I did a cowardly act;
This now my foul soul's only redress,
Take it ! "See thou to that."

Too late ! The piteous anguished wail
Floats on the calm still breeze;
With head bowed low, from conscience quail,
Seeks that distant clump of trees:

What wonder that he looks not above—
“Better had he ne’er been born;”
“Vengeance is mine!” ’Tis a precept proved;
He hanged himself—forlorn!

Then gather they from off the floor
The money, and this agree:
To buy the potter’s field, for stranger poor;
Too polluted for the treasury,
Was this blood money. Righteous priests these;
Very careful were to form;
’Twas sacred! People might call them thieves
Or point the finger of scorn.

Poor Judas! Greed and the lust of wealth,
Slaughtered his better judgment!
Wily and crafty by night with stealth
He to the betrayal went.
Risked—lost—all he ever dared to hope,
For thirty little pieces
Of silver. Then in perdition gropes,
Where remorse for guilt ne’er ceases.

Were I to make the awful rounds
Of that infernal region,
Where tortured souls for sin abounds,
In numbers that are legion;

Methinks that e'en amid such gloom,
Whose horrors vile, salute us;
The ruler prime, in the main room
Would bear the name of—Judas.

*FIVE MINUTES' TALK.

This man here at the table,
Who writes our duty out,
Thinking me unable,
So he reasoned out,
To talk to you ten minutes,
As does our law provide:
Thinking I lacked in wisdom,
And just as much in pride,
Said to himself one evening,
As he was taking a walk,
“I know what I'll do,
I'll give her five minutes' talk.”

He didn't assign a subject,
Because I knew so little;
Said I could choose my own

*While in college it had become quite a fad of the secretary of our literary society—The Cliomathean—to put the members on for a five minutes' talk. I was finally set this small task, and gave the above. 'Tis unnecessary to state that no more five minute talks were desired.

As does a fellow his fiddle.

So as I am so simple

And can't talk about the nations,

I'll take a simple subject—

John Withers, with the variations.

He's about five feet four inches,

Has beautiful bright brown eyes;

His heart is filled with love,

Which vents itself in sighs.

Sighs for the past, not the present,

To think Hattie should have met

One more beloved than himself,

When on her his heart is set.

To think his love should be trampled,

Down in under her feet,

When to him his happiest moments.

Is sipping love's nectared sweet.

One night, when he held down the gate,

For fear it would get away;

Behold, next morn 'twas found,

A quarter of mile away.

Out at Mr. Washburn's,

Where Johnnie does reside;

He forgot and took it with him,

When he left at eventide.

His heart was in such a flutter,
When he said good-night
It reminded us of melted butter—
Poor boy! To be in such a plight.

He didn't know what he was doing,
So we can look over the freak;
Love's ways are strange and mysterious,
And maketh the strong man weak.
He says he always liked roses.
Specially when they've blue eyes,
With ways so very winning,
In short—a woman in disguise.

And oft in his midnight slumbers,
When in dreamland he is clasped,
E'er before him, he sees the rose,
But always beyond his grasp.
He then concludes that Betty's
More charming e'en than Rose,
And decides he'll tell her of it,
By way of a propose.

He spreads his kerchief on the floor,
And gets upon his knees;
Just then Betty asks him,
If he's about to sneeze,

Or if he's going to have prayers—
She thought that out of his line—
John calling up all his courage,
Stammers—"Betty will you be mine?"

"Why, no, of course I wont,
You're a goose for thinking so,"
And concludes by telling him
She thinks he had better go.
Slowly; he rises from his knees,
And staggers toward the door
And says as he passes through it,
"I'll see her—never more."

He wanders out in the darkness,
Almost ready to weep;
Suddenly he runs against Will,
Who asks him if he's asleep,
And Will not knowing the burden,
That lies on the heart of his friend
Tells of his own happiness—
That he has accomplished his aim.

John wanders home in sadness
Through the field, and crying still,
Follows his oft tread path,
That leads o'er the brow of the hill

To a hole in the hedge,
Where many a night before
He'd gained access through it
And safely reached his door.

But lo ! The path is obstructed,
By a clothes line woven across,
And how he's going to get through
Is a question, and John's at a loss;
Yet after much work and scrambling,
He succeeded in getting through;
Says he knows Ide and Rose did it,
And he'll tell them of it, too.

One morn while going down town,
He was accosted by his friend Will
Who said he'd something to tell him,
If he would only be still.
Will laid his hand on John's shoulder,
And took therefrom—a hair-pin
And asked John how it got there—
Certainly 't didn't belong to him.

And John, while a blank expression
O'erspread his innocent face,
Said he didn't know it was there,
'Twas rather out of place;

But suddenly as if the sunshine,
Had brightened his stupid brain
Told Will he'd put it there,
To him 'twas all quite plain.

Poor boy! he's always in trouble
Since he launched into the sea of love;
We advise him to sail into harbor,
As did Noah's faithful dove.
For then these waves of trouble,
Will forever cease to roll,
And the questions that now agitate
This weary, lovesick soul
Will be forever settled;
His mind will know sweet rest,
In peace then he can slumber
Where phantoms ne'er distress.
But now as my time is exhausted
And my subject too, from his looks.
I'll not tax your patience longer,
But let him proceed with his books.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Evening draws nigh! The twilight shadows
Are hovering o'er me. Soft evening zephyrs
Come in at the open windows, and cool
The throbbing of my aching temples.
As I ponder, the shadows deepen,
Till now the dark curtain of night
“Shrouds us with her somber drapery,”
Inviting nature to repose.

How sublime, yea; how inexpressibly grand,
Is the stillness of the evening hour!
Broken only by the chirping
Of the cricket, or it may be
A stray lamb, bleating for the flock;
Lone wanderer from the fold.

The many lights in the distance,
Tell of others who are feasting
On God's goodness and his blessings.
Summing up the triumphs of to-day
Their defeats are not forgotten;
The rebellious spirit's been subdued
No doubt. It has also gained

The mastery ! Success and reverses
Go hand in hand, along life's pathway,
Until ere long, knowing the end
Is drawing nigh, we wonder
Which will be victorious.

Ungrateful creatures that we are !
Ne'er contented, never happy.
Moping on in gloom and sadness,
While the fleeting moments pass us,
Hurrying to eternity.

I wander out into the stillness
Of this calm and moonlit evening.
And gaze into the arched canopy,
With its many twinkling stellas;
While the pale blue of the background,
Truly fitting for the jewels
That shine with such brilliant luster,
On us careworn travelers here,
Gazing in mute admiration,
At the myriad constellations,
Canst conceive the matchless wisdom,
That controls ethereal orbs ?

Oh, ye lovely diamond stellas,
Luminaries of the night-time,

Always peeping, hide and seeking;
Tell me why your always twinkling,
Never wearying, never sleeping.
Why dost thy light always flicker?
Are ye timid, are ye bashful,
Or is it fanning by the spirits,
Nymphs we're told that do inhabit,
Thy own bright aerial clime?
While thy mysteries lie hidden,
Much conjecture we indulge in.
The laws of the solar system,
By thy freaks are often tested,
And the world of science baffled
By thy secrets unrevealed.

Fair Luna sheds her kindliest rays
O'er all this quiet loveliness,
After the garish light of day,
Tempering, soothing, and subduing
All that would mar the serenity,
Of this harmonious blending.

No jarring elements of discord,
Enter into the workings of
Nature's vast machinery! We
Ourselves, cause all the friction. The

Strange unearthly noises, that haunt
The caverns of this grand old earth
Are naught, compared with the tumults
Daily wrought within the hearts of men !
Nor is the panic they engender
Half so disastrous ! We've but to glance
Along the columns of this day's record
To see what there is written, and lo !
With startled vision and bated breath,
We, hurrying on, drink in this
Awful story of human crime and
Suffering. With here and there a ray
Of light, to brighten the somber hues.

To-day, the great harvester, Death,
Has garnered in the ripened sheaves;
Those full of glory, and of years.
Those tender plants, that charm us with
Their purity, their innocence and
Their sweetness, have alike been cut down
By this keen sickle. We wonder
Why it is, but God knows best, so
Murmer not !

That fierce raging war
That threatens our liberty, and
Is sapping our nation's strength, still

Surges on ! until, it seems—
Labor must be crushed, and ruined
By the tyrant heel of Capital !

To-day has seen the timid maiden
Led to the Hymenial altar,
There to take the most solemn vows
“Till death do us part!” Oh, those vows !
How strangely sweet thy mystic binding,
Thy fond endearments no more a dream.
A world of hidden meaning they impart;
So lightly entered into, and now,
So easily shuffled off. Alas !
So soon are spoken those first harsh words,
Forming a gulf broad’ning and deep’ning,
Till those magic chords are rent in twain;
And then, there is held up for public
Gaze and ridicule, the most sacred
Relationship known to mortal man.
What wonder that ’tis so stark stripped
Of its primeval sanctity !
Disgracing the American people !
With the ax laid low at the very
Foundations of her government—the home.
The prodigal has wandered back again,
His wild oats sown, and his fortune spent.

He's eaten the husks that poverty gives;
He's drank the cup of remorse to the dregs!
His friends have all vanished. Mere parasites
Of the world were they; sucking his blood
As long as a drop remained. Abandoned
Then, with the earth for his couch, no pillow
Save bitter thoughts and a vivid memory
On which his head to lay. Ah, woe is me!
I'll go back to my Father's mansion,
Where plenty is, and enough to spare,
And but as his hired servant be,
If there he'll make me room and shelter.
So back he's come; and with much rejoicings
Welcomed. The feast is spread, and all around
Make merry. The wanderer's come home!

The anxious watchers turn away and weep.
At last the severe struggle is ended
The sweet life is yielded up! Heartbroken
The children plead in vain for mother.
The peaceful serenity resting now
On that dear face, like a guardian angel
Sheds a benediction o'er all the room,
And heaven seems nearer than e'er before.
Life's panorama is flashed before us.
With bitter longing now some scenes recall:

The selfishness that made us to forget
That mother, with a mother's love so pure,
Needed our helpfulness, our strength and cheer.
Now as ne'er before we realize that
She was the sun, and we the lesser orbs,
Held in place by her magnetic power;
Receiving our light, our very being,
From this central force. Clustered about her,
We but reflect the virtues that she gave.
After she's taken from us we forget
Her influence is still with us, and ne'er dies.
Gloomy and sad, in sorrow mope around,
Ne'er thinking that bright star o'erhead, is but
Her planet, transformed to suit the new realm
In which it dwells, directing us into
The orbit's path.

Wars and rumors of war,
Rouse the patriotism of the young man,
Anxious to write his name on the top round,
Of fame's ladder, in his nation's history.
Hearing the bugle call "to arms" he's up
And gone with hardly a moment's warning.
The hearts of womankind are seized alike
With pride and terror; helpless to avert.
We hear the cannon's roar and see the flash,

With hearts struck dumb with frenzy, then await
News of the awful doom—a tale of woe.

One who this morning was worth his thousands,
Now on the doorstep of his palatial
Mansion stands—to say a last good-bye.
See the tears as they slowly trickle down
His wasted cheek, while the deep lines of care,
Have printed the indelible story
On his placid brow, silvered the hair that
But this morning shown like the raven's wing.
With form o'er bent and feeble step, he moves
Away from all that was to him most dear.
Too late, he sees and realizes that
“Riches take wings and fly.” Prematurely
Aged, to begin life anew—penniless !

A broken-hearted mother laments o'er
The wreck of her once proud and manly boy.
That first drink, that enticed him on and on,
'Till he had run the gauntlet of sin's vile
Category, and brought him to his ruin;
While o'er the way, a sister, hopeless mourns
A daughter gone astray. A bitter world
Ne'er pardons her one misstep; no matter
How many good deeds may follow after;
The stigma of pollution on her's set !

Whilst he who did commit the hideous act
Goes on unpunished. Fondled in the lap
Of society's four hundred. Alack!
Here a man weighted with life's burdens,
Unable his way to clear—despairing
Takes his own life! While on the other hand
This woman in the same desperate straits
Leaps from the bridge into the flood below.

Musing thus, the shadows deep'ning, length'ning
Into the dusky night. The night bird's call
Is heard, summoning his mate to slumber.
List! In the far off wood the whip-poor-will
Alone, now holds the undisputed sway,
Regaling us with his sad, doleful notes.
The flower has folded its tiny petals,
And with head drooped low to Mother Nature's
Dewy bosom, restores her sweet perfume.
Fond lovers strolling in the leafy shade
Of yonder spreading elms, and maple lane,
Renew the oft-plighted troth, to still be true.
Men of science hold their weary vigils,
'Till the roseate tints of morning's glow
Heralds the approaching dawn. Delving deep
Into the silent mysterious workings
Of those nightly orbs, high suspended in

The Ethereal space; the telescope
Each time revealing some wondrous beauty,
Ne'er dreamed of, and unknown. The lusty cry
Of a new-born babe heralds another life!
While the unwilling mother now with joy
Clasps it to her breast. Life's antagonist
Hovers o'er her; but finally in flight
Is routed by well-skilled and watchful care.
The children all are tucked away to rest
After their hard day's work, and prayers are said.
Peace, sweet peace, and quiet now all about
Sheds her glad radiance. The weary hands
Are folded. Reclining in easy chairs,
The parents dream again that life is young;
And they the gay, joyous participants
In the giddy throng, hearing the old, old
Story that is ever new, made sweeter
With the lapse of years. Dream on, oh, ye aged!
What tho' silver hairs now adorn thy brow;
Ye're ever young, whilst love's bright fountain
throws
Her glittering sprays on this old world around.
Youth and old age are blended into one
To make life's journey, 'till the race is run.
Wake not their dreaming; nor e'en break the spell
Of serenity's sweet, evanescent glow

That now enshrouds them. 'Tis the hallowed
ground

Where infidels and strangers trespass not,
Whose beauties are not given them to know!

This calculating of the balance sheet
At the close of the dying day, forms a sort
Of sanctuary, sacred alike to all.
Reverently we cross its threshold
Closing the door of the world behind us,
Shutting out all sacriligious turmoils—
And there hold communion with our Maker !
'Tis the Holy of Holies to every
Heart that bows at its sacred altar,
And sheds a radiant glory not unlike
That which shown from Moses' face, when he talked
With the Lord ! There the soul is purified
And strengthened, its new duties to perform.
Those who know not of this precious fountain
Yet so free and full, why languish longer
With relief so near at hand ? Yea, enter
And share the blessings of this holy place.

If ye would know the perfect harmony,
The ecstatic bliss of nature's subtle
Teachings, then wander to the Southland,

That land of perpetual flowers
Where the bleak winds of winter ne'er whistle
Around the humble cottager's scant hearth.
There howling winds ne'er sigh and moan and groan
As if they knew despair, such as rages
In the human breast! There the joyous birds,
In multitudes and gorgeously arrayed,
Sing praises to the Maker of such lavish
Voluptuousness of verdure, and glowing
Wealth of sunshine. There the seabreeze fans the
Temples, and a wrapt sweet stillness reigns.
Who would not revel in its glories,
Or drink the tonic of its elixir?
Then give me the sunny Southland
Which God has so abundantly blest
With the rarest and sweetest flowers
That ever gave incense to heaven.
There the troubled spirit is lulled to rest
By Mother Nature, and we are wrapped
In blissful slumber to await
The dawning of another day.

EXTRACTS.

'Tis practice and not theory,
The world demands to-day,
You've worn yourselves out talking,
Just live it—so they say.
Societies and theories
Have done themselves to death,
Just give us Christian living
And not such waste of breath.

* * * *

If I's a man I'd be one
And not a sort of tool.
Some one is sure to work you
And make you out a fool.
At last then you must own it;
Just think how small you'll feel
For being such a sucker—
Dangling at some one's heel.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

I saw her at the wash tub,
Bending o'er a rumpled heap
Of clothes, all soiled and dirty,

Wishing that the water'd heat.
Ah! that face so proud and queenly,
 Told of brighter days gone by;
That pale face, sorrow-haunted,
 Clouded like the noonday sky.

Unused to such hard labor,
 She had tread life's smoother ways,
Nurtured in a home of plenty,
 Kept in education's ways.
Frail in form and weak in body,
 Yet a healthy, active brain,
Proved a blessing in her success,
 And a bulwark in her pain.

When disaster came upon her,
 She had courage to withstand
Any comments of the worldling
 Who ne'er lends a helping hand.
And in her humbler station
 She was ne'er ashamed to work,
For 'tis no disgrace, she argued,
 Save when you your duty shirk.

Peering into her surroundings,
 She seemed like a sweet flower lost—
In the briars and treacherous brambles,

Where none deem it worth the cost,
To search for wealth or beauty,
'Neath such dark and homely mould,
Dreaming not, unsightly coverings,
Oft reveal the heart of gold.

While the gilded gay exterior,
That so often lures us on,
Shrouds but the decaying carcass,
While the treasure's long since gone.
People soon forget our graces,
When misfortune opes our door;
We've but very common faces
When wealth yields not up her store.

So this poor forgotten woman,
With her praises long unsung,
Learning life's most precious lesson
(That so many hearts have wrung)—
If you'd be accounted lovely,
Good and grand, 'tho' young or old,
You must hold within a firm grasp,
The world's idol—sordid gold.

When she spread a bounteous feast,
Many gathered round her board,
Paying court to each demeanor,

Eager listening to every word.
But when Poverty's grim visage
 Thrust his hideousness in view,
Like a host of phantom spirits
 Her admirer's (?) turned and flew !

Those gleaming, lustrous dark eyes,
 Reveal a wealth of meaning;
Whispering of some secret pain,
 That the heart is screening
From a keen and curious world,
 Ever bent on finding out,
Some poor soul's guarded secret,
 To drag forth, and flaunt about.

Suggesting that crown of thorns,
 Constant worn about the heart,
Its sharp prongs are buried deeper,
 Causing many a bitter smart,
Every time we seek the portal,
 To this hidden cell of grief.
See ! She seeks the balm of Gilead
 As her only sure relief.

Yonder—in her bedroom kneeling,
 Pouring out her soul in prayer,
Asking for the strength and courage,

And the will to do, and dare.

“Oh for strength for this day’s duties,
Help me, Father, hide my woe;
To forgive the ones who made it;
Envious lest some joy I know.”

“Helpless, now the weight’s upon me,
Help me bravely bear the load;
See the *purpose* of its being
Sent, my weary soul to goad.

Thou knowest why this sore affliction
Smites thus, with her chastening rod,
Whilst I blindly must grope onward,
Trusting in thy promised word.”

“And thy promises ne’er fail us,
If we only do our part;
Let me ever find sweet solace,
Nestling in thy loving heart.
Almost now with clearer vision,
I begin to see my way;
Dawning of the glad to-morrow,
‘When the mists have cleared away.’ ”

Brushing way the flood of tears—
Heavenly dew! ’Tis our heart’s ease—
Pushing back the loosened tresses,

Slowly rises from her knees.
What a halo shines about
That tender, trusting face,
When with willing consecration
We take our appointed place.

Taking up the arduous duties,
Where heartbroken they were left;
Strength and grace alike are furnished,
Though the eyes with tears be wet.
Hopeful of the task before her,
Goes to rubing with a will.
List ! what singing floating upward,
Clear as evening's whip-poor-will.

“Savior, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side,
I would in thy love abide.”
Then the voice begins to quiver,
And takes on a sadder strain;
Yet determined to be victor,
She begins that sweet refrain.

“Lead me ! Lead me !
Savior, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,

Lead me, Savior, all the way.”
All the pent-up pleading pathos,
Embodyed in the poet’s lines,
Thrills the heart of this lone singer
'Till the song's a thing divine.

Well, we know the Savior leads her,
Through the toil and heat of day;
Lighter seems the heavy burden,
When He is our shield and stay.
There in that humble kitchen,
Was a grander victory made,
Than e'er adorned historic annals,
Or records in the marts of trade.

“Thou the refuge of my soul,
When life’s stormy billows roll;”
Proved a hiding most secure,
To this soul by grief inured.
Whilst you in your gay pavilion
Pander to the sons of wealth,
She has won the crown of olives,
'Tis the victory over self.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Once upon a time
(For thus the story goes),
A bard wrote to his sweetheart,
Relating all his woes.
Said he was poor, God bless him !
This was his favorite theme;
She thought it visionary;
Merely a poet's dream.

Folks who just write and travel,
And wear good Sunday clothes,
Must get the money somewhere,
As anybody knows.
He told her fairy tales,
One whole long winter through;
'Bout a mountain cabin,
With just room enough for two.

Where a great tall shanghai,
Just crowed around the door,
With the gourd vine clinging,
Its humble portal o'er.

Tacked up on the gable ,
So's to be Southern like,
Was that old gray coon skin,
With that dear old pipe.

Of course there'll be sunflowers,
Morning glories, too,
Coxcomb and bachelor buttons,
Marigolds—a few;
In sight of said cabin
Will be crystal springs,
Where to slake their thirst,
Mountain goat and deer it brings.

Then the trusty rifle,
Underneath the bed,
A greyhound for companion,
Looking so poorly fed.
If you only listen,
For that tinkling bell,
You would find old Brindle
Seeking her corral.

Such a pretty picture,
Don't you like it, dear ?
Only one thing lacking,
Wish that you were here.

Yes, 'twas quite romantic,
Seen in black and white,
With a poet's coloring;
Truly a delight.

Coyly then she wrote him,
"Such a lovely spot."
"I'll share the deed with you, dear,
Just as soon as not."
"At any time, my darling,"
Was his prompt reply;
"Misery loves company,
So, to the mountains hie."

Then came orange blossoms,
From that sweet Southern clime;
"Now, don't step off the carpet
(Unless you'll be mine),
'Cause the flowers suggest it,
They're so sweet, you know.
To realize their beauty,
You must see them grow."

Told her she was sassy,
'Cause he's under her thumb;
Called himself a rosebud,
When the blossom e'en had flown.

But when spring came teeming
With birds and blossoms rife,
To himself he muttered,
“I must find a wife.”

“I’m going to pop the question.
You’ll be a good dodger,
Or else you are mine;
Won’t you take a lodger?
Think I can get together
Something to live on,
With a hovel to live in,
Ere the summer’s gone.”

“Now, don’t be hard-hearted,
But say—what d’you think?
Though poverty stricken,
On the matrimonial brink,
I safely make this venture,
If—consumption kills me
I’d leave my wife a—widow,
With all that Fate wills thee.”

“I’m so tired of roaming,
This lonely world o’er,
Strangers for companions,
When the heart craves more,

So now you must tell me,
Can I count on you?
No, that's not plain enough,
Will you have me, Sue?"

THE CEDARS.

There's a dear old country homestead,
Where I spent my childhood hours,
Roaming happy in the woodlands,
Gathering her sweet wild flowers;
With the wide, wide world before me,
Wondering what it had in store for me.

The old home is ever sacred,
E'en though humble it may be,
'Tis entwined with sweetest mem'ries,
Hut or mansion, as't may be;
'Tis our all, and we adore it,
Let no sacrilege come o'er it !

There life's hallowed things are treasured,
In the storehouse of the heart,
Where no dust e'er dims their luster,
Memory keeps intruders out.
Old age never dims the vision
Naught can blot it with derision.

For the sordid, selfish motives,
That designate the business world,
Never cross its sacred threshold,
But with scorn are backward hurled:
The true, real man we see at home,
The mask thrown off, the wiles all gone.

Would you like to see The Cedars?
Then I'll give you the "old view,"
Where my infancy was cradled,
'Tho' now replaced by "the new."
Just an oldtime country farmhouse,
Like you see all o'er the South.

Two large front rooms, a hall between;
A half story for "up stairs,"
Where us children oft would frolic,
Playing that we were "old bears,"
'Till poor mother, crazed with noise,
Wished the girls had all been boys.

Then the kitchen formed the ell part,
With the "flour room" on the end,
Where we kept the pots and skillets,
And the "good things" without end.
Father called it Noah's ark;
Such a "catchall" and so dark.

On the north end was the fireplace,
With its chimney towering high,
And in winter ever belching,
Smoky volumes to the sky;
'Twas the scene of many a revel,
Where each must maintain his level.

'Round the fireplace on the bad days,
When we'd nothing else to do,
We'd roast eggs in the hot ashes,
And bake apples 'till they'd stew;
The old elm sticks would stew and sing,
And never burn, just sing and sing.

In the evening when "chores" were done,
The huge backlog in was brought;
While the heap of glowing embers,
Wierd, fantastic, pictures wrought.
Gazing into the firelight's glow,
Watching coals to ashes go.

Then when supper time was over,
And the dishes all were done,
We'd all gather round the fireplace,
And have just lots of fun,
Eating apples to name the seeds,
Or listening while some one reads.

Then we'd crack nuts or pop some corn,
And tell riddles 'till tired out,
Play "first off" then wait to see
Who'd grin first! and then a shout,
While the poor culprit pinched and slapped,
Vainly protested to "quit that."

The fireplace long since abandoned,
And the stove now takes its stead,
For your back was always freezing,
And your face burned 'till 'twas red.
The old stumps were all burned up,
Then we gladly gave it up.

This old homestead faces westward,
Where the sunset dies in gold,
Gorgeous tints through verdant treetops,
Dazzling whilst the eye beholds:
This glorious, enrapturing scene,
Surpasses any poet's dream!

On the south side is the driveway,
Bordered by white maples tall;
On the north a hedge of cedars,
Breaks old winter's chilling thrall.
Thence the place derived its name.
Grand old trees! Always the same.

'Cross the driveway lies the garden,
With its old gray picket fence;
Where once a trailing wild grapevine,
Made a green wall of defense :
But stern progress smote my romance—
For fear it might rot the fence.

In the back yard, three giant oaks
Form a triangle, and there
High suspended, the old pole swing,
That caused many a frantic scare,
When the swing board struck the tree limb,
Swinging level. Joy to the brim !

In the winter, when the snow king,
Shakes his fleecy whiteness down,
Covering field and wooded pasture,
And the treetops bare and brown,
Then the cedars bending low;
With summer's green and winter's snow.

Ah ! No artist's brush can paint it !
And no poet's pen describe,
This sublimity of feeling,
Like unto the virgin bride,
Is the spotless clinging snow,
Making lovely scenes of woe.

Oft when pinioned with life's worries,
How the heart yearns to go back
To the old home of our childhood;
We retrace our backward track,
And again dream round the hearthstone,
Of earth's sweetest place—our home.

THE TWO PLAYMATES.

I.

Two little girls in the street were playing,
Plighting life friendship; one of them saying:
“No matter what may happen to you,
I’ll be your friend, Helen, firm and true.”
“And I’ll be yours, Mary, though rich or poor,
A welcome I’d find, I know, at your door;
For Mary, you know, means everything sweet;
Like our Saviour’s mother, you’re just complete.”

II.

The years roll on. They are maidens now,
Effulgent hopes like a meteor now
Thrills the hearts of both: with vows renewed,
In all the exuberance of maidenhood,
With the great commonwealth they together,
Fight life’s battles; in fair and foul weather.

And many a laurel is proudly won;
A trophy of labor and love well done.

III.

They are women now, and the vows were broke,
When wealth on Mary set her lordly yoke,
With sorrowful mien and locks of snow,
She's of the four hundred, a martyr to show;
While Helen strives on in the same old way,
Enjoying the sweets of a well-spent day.
A victor over hardships, happy and blithe,
While but a few white hairs mark her stage in life.
They meet in the great thoroughfare down town,
With never a greeting, save shrug or frown.

IV.

The conflict is over. Life's race is run.
Each has a coffin and grave—now 'tis done.
A plat six by three in old Mother Earth,
To await the summons of their real worth.
One's mound's banked with flowers of hot house
skill,
Their waxen beauty and fragrance instill
A feeling of sadness and sympathy's tear,
For the flowerless grave of the friend once dear.

T H E E N D .

Aug 26 1900

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